THE FAMILY CIRCLE





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- \* GREEN N' GOLD
  - POT O'GOLD
  - FOUR ROSES

# The Family Circle

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE MORE THAN 1,425,000

HARRY H. EVANS, Editor JULIA LEE WRIGHT, Director, Homemokers' Bureau Editorial Advisory Staff: JAN C. MAYER, At R. R. ENDICOTT, Manuscripts
All advertised products guaranteed • All recipes thoroughly tested

#### THE PERSONAL TOUCH

M ANY thanks to Mary E. Willis, 709
N. Monterey St., Albambra, California,
for sending this poem.

Yellow mean breaking through a pearly cleak clea

-NINA WILLIS WALTER

SEVERAL of our readers send us a poems written in asserte of N Mornin' Outst-tee, which we published seve weeks ago, the sevent of the sevent of the sevent of the sevent design of the sevent design of the sevent design of the sevent of the

Yes, I have asked for a priceless thing,
For a gene beyond compare,
To which not the richest mountains of earth

But have I come with empty hands? In return have I offered nought? Can a wax bring more to the woman he loves Than I unto you have brought?

No seamstress or cook know I sought,
For they can be hired, I ween;
Nought know I said of mutton or shirt;
I want and must have a queen.
You say that you want a man and a king,

A very prince of the race;
I look for a bind and general heart,
And not for a gueenly face.

You require all things that are good and true,
All things that a wan should be;
Lask for a woman, with all that implies,

You ask for a man without a fault,
To lite with here on earth;
I ask for a woman, faults and all,
For by faults I may indee of worth.

I ask for a woman, made as of old, A higher form of man— His comforter, helper, adviser, and friend, As in the original plan.

A woman who has an oise in life,
Who finds life worth the living,
Who makes the world better for being kere,
And for others her life is giving.

To be all that a man should be Skall be my aim in life; To love me and only me Is all that I ask of my wife,

For your heart and life and wonderful love Are sacred things to me, And I'll stake my life to be to you Whatever I ought to be.

Thus, at the bar of your woman's soul, I have stood and answered thee; And again I ask for that priceless thing— Soy, what shall the answer be?

THERE of our renders also wise be still us that A Woman (Question" and write to be Einzheld Barrent Beroming and not to be Einzheld Barrent Beroming and not be still used to be

IMPORTANTI, Fleoue do NOT asbeit verse written by yourself, or Unique black verse, to the Personal Founds desportant, We lowe on Fide operaturities produced by the second of the second STOR, FURL SHIP DEPORT, and we like in to be AVORT and of on INSPIRATIONAL OR HALLOS AVORT OF AVORTANDES OF THE STORY OF THE STORY STORY AVORTANDES OF THE STORY STORY STORY AVORTANDES OF THE STORY S

W E often print poems whose authorship is attributed to different people and is vigorously disputed, but here is a poem written over 100 years ago whose authorship has been earnestly sought but never discovered. J. D. Dunlop, 207 4th Ave. Scattle, Washinston, sends this poem to us, and also these metans.

first norecoming what is known shoul it. In 1800, one writered of the steep goes, and It 1800, one writered it is supported by the steep of the stee

A sound version of the poors, history has formed and the provided of the poor of the poor

ODE TO A SKULL

Behold this rain! "Two a skull,
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was nfe's retreat;
This space was thought's reysterious eeal,
What bountern visions filled this spoi!
What dreaws of pleasure long jorgot!
Nor hope no joy nor love nor fear
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this moldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye,
But start not at the damal sovid—
If social lave that eye employed,
If with no laneless pie it gloraned,
But through the demo of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright.
When stare and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow covern hong.
The ready, meilt, and inverful tongue.
If fatehood's honey it distalance,
And when it could not praise, vous chained,
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concard never broke,
The silent tengue aball yland for thee,

Say, did these fregers delive the mine, Or with the enough rubles shine? To hew a rack or wear a gen Can little new swiit to them. But if the page of truth they sought, Or confort to the mourner brought, These hands a richer ward shall claim. Those all that twest on weath or fame.

devails it whether bare or shad. These feet the path of duty treat? If from the bowers of ease they feel. To seek affaction's knowle shot, If gravateur's guisty bribe they sparned, and home to virtue's col returned, These feet with angele' wings shall vie And treat the palace of the sky.

WOUND SELECT NOT THE FARM CHAIR FOR MY THE PROPERTY WAS A STATE OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

OF PANTS

WOMAN'S ESSENTIAL FEMININITY IS NOT CHANGED BY MEN'S

CLOTHES, OPINED THE JUDGE, RECALLING ROARIN' RUTHIE. BUT

THE MODERN CASE WAS NOT PROVED UNTIL IT PROVED ITSELF

BY K. Y. LANDYS

THE car was a huxurious foreign-made phototo—at 12 Ceptimel; which as toped how which hange close to the ground and a name you couldn't pronounce. It drew up in front of 10 lege Leakies general notes and post office and haird smaller a welfings of the third date of 10 massac chief of the country of the co

"Hi, Poo!" she greeted him. "I saw some wires leading in here. Wooldn't mean you have a phone, would it?"

The Judge surveyed her for a moment, his blue eyes vinkling. Finally, he removed his pipe from under his bushy mustache and jerked his head over his shoulder. "It means just that," he drawded. "You'll find it hanging on the wall in the corner by the post office section."

The girl grained again and went into the store. Beside

the Judge, Čecil Rutherford spat a thin stream of tobacco juce in the direction of a sparrow which was taking a dust bath by the ram barrel, and said, "Times is changed." The Judge nodded. He pointed at the shiny car. "When I came to Pleasant Valley back in '89, you couldn't have

I came to Pleasant Valley back in '89, you couldn't have got that low-swung apparatus over the road. It took 16 bour's to drive in from Los Anceles in a Cornstock waeon. Now you can go clear to Pershing Square in 50 minutes." "Tain't quite what I meant," said Ceel Rutherford. "I was thinkin' about women. Take

this one, for instance, More like a boy than a girl. Walks like a man. Wears pents. Drives that car like Barney Oldfield. I'll bet she can outcuss you."

women. Take ore like about "At thot moment, with Roarin' Ruthle's bylets cutting splinters off the crocker borel, I'd hove sworn that she was all bonder—and bod pumper of that"

"Doubt it," said the Judge. Then, "I kind of like the pants. They don't hurt anything, and if she wants to wear them, let her go ahead. She's still a woman—and a mighty nextly one—and wearing nants won't change that."

peetty one—and wearing pants won't change that."
"Bound to make some difference," said Ceeil Rutherford.
"Take these here gun molls, for instance. We didn't have no gun molls in our day. Women wore skirts then and stayed home where they belonged."

The Judge took his pipe from his mouth, sighed, and napped it out against the rough pine ports rail. "Point I'm trying to make, Cecil, is that a woman's a woman in spite of everything. They've got some funny tricks and some pretty nice ones. They can be ornerier than a catamount or awester than a dove. But whatever they do, hey've still women." He put his pipe in his abirt pocket. "Ever hear "Can't saw al. 1 did."

The Judge settled back in his chair, "Well, I arrested Roarin' Ruthie for murder and robhery back in 95—not 20 feet from where we're sitting. She was wearing pants at the time—pants and two of the biggest six-shooting Colts you ever saw in your life."
Cecil Rutherford fixed him with a sour clance. "Seems

as how every time you tell one of your stories, you end up hy bein' the hero. But go ahead."

"R OARIN' RUTHIE," the Judge went on, "was one of the toughest, nastiest, most cantankerous females who ever drew the breath of life. She was the only woman I ever heard of that chewed tobacco, which is almost saving enough right

> "First time she was heard from was in Oklahoma. She robbed a bank, took



to the hills with \$10,000 and shot it out with the posse, killing a sharpshooting United States marshal in the largain. Next, she turned up in Arizona and cleaned out a Tombstone bar. Walked

into it, got drunk, and chose a gun fighter by the name of Pswnee Jake. She had a hat on and looked like a man anyhow, so when she called him a so-and-so, be drew first, and she shot him plumb center. Afterward, just to amuse herself, she turned loose her guns and killed the bartender and winged two honest citizens who were loitering under a table—"

"Just what I was tellin' you!" Cecil Rutherford interregular friumphanily, "It was the point! You see, by the time she got through, she was more of a man than a man was. Tain't healthy for a woman to feel like that.—" "Cecil," said the Judge patiently, "I'm not done yet.... As I was saying, she migrated to California early in '92, still doine unwomanly thines. She shot a starceoach driver

I L L U S T R A T E D

The girl poused, fished out o compoct, dobbed powder on her port nose. As the Judge and Cecil workhed, she appeared to lase her swagger and to shrink suddenly into a completely feminine helplessness.

in the San Berdoo Pass and she robbed a bank in L. A.—there weren't many of them there then, incidentally, Finally, by natural instinct, she progressed to Pleasant Valley, which in those days

wasn't pleasant at all, section as from the hampout of all and anundry who we are for the do not the beau. Menuwhite, Roarin' Ruthie had showed no slightest symptom of having inclinations to femininity. She never had a man around, She didn't thirle see or primp or do anything of the kind most women dote on. Looking at her with the unbiased eye, Cecil, you'd have taken your oath that she was more man than any man word ever seen—"

THE Judge broke off. From up the Old Valley Road came the high, full-lunged barking of a motorcycle in a hurry. A highway patrolman skittered perilously around the bend and straightened his machine out in Main Street, Observing (Please turn to page 8)

JACK

5

WELCH

FEW playwrights have ever had the pleasure of reading such rave notices as greeted the eyes of Robert E. Sherwood the morning after the New York opening of his current play, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Several of the critical experts even went so far as to predict that here, at last, was The Great American Drama. This is a matter of I the play was a masterful piece of timing With so many foreign countries being rocked and wracked by dictators and isms, and with the increasing danger of these isms boring into the foundations of our own political structure, all real Americans are ready and rearing to get up on their hind legs and chase the ism-carrying vermin back across the sea. Also, the general public is hungry to hear fine, high-sounding parases in praise of American ideals and democratic fundamentals. And that is what "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" offers. You may or may not think that Bob Sherwood has written The Great American Drama, but I promise that if you visit the Plymouth Theatre, your chest will be stuck out a little farther when you leave, and you will feel so American that you may want to pench anybody in the nose who expreses dissatisfaction with the American

This may give you the impression that I think that Mr. Sherwood has written an idealized account of the life of the Great Emancinator, Far from it. He has some to great lengths to present a sharp, intimate the day I arrived in New York from my home town of St. Augustine, Florida (some ten years ago), I went directly to the offices of the magazine Life. At that time, Life was outstanding as a periodical of satirical hnmor. The publisher and president was the famous artist, Charles Dana Gibson. The vice-president was Clair Maxwell. It was Clair who had been foolish enough to offer me a job while he was on a gay vocation in Florida the preceding winter. While I was waiting in an inner office to see Clair, I happened to glance up at the transom over the door, and thought I was seeing things. Because suddenly a head went by! I turned to a stenographer and said, "Did I see somebody's head go past that transom-or should I take an amirin?" "You did see a bead," she assured me. "That was Robert Sherwood, the

A little while later Clair came in and I got the answer. He took me in to meet my new boss, and when Bob Sherwood unfolded from a chair and stood up to shake hands, the top of his head was just six fort, seven and a half inches from the floor.

That day at lunch Clair made a statement which came back forcefully to me the other night while I was sitting in the Plymouth Theatre. "Bob Sherwood is a remarkable fellow," Clair had said that day, "I mean his dignity and the way he thinks and ex-

proper time and consideration. Clair has really done me a big favor. Now Pli have to concentrate on one thing," Which gives you a fair idea of this Sherwood.

Since that time Bob has written such stage Since that time Bob has written such stage successes as "Reminion in Vicinion," "The Petrified Forest," "The Queen's Husband "This Is New York," "Waterloo Bridge "Idiot's Delight," and now "Abe Lincoln. In between these efforts be has found time. to nick up another fortune batting out screen scenarios. But let me tell you about his first his play, "The Road to Rome" (and what a beautiful play that was 1). This is the story of how the man whom many persons consider America's No. playwright got his start. Perhaps it has been told before, but I have never seen it in

These events happened just before I was barely five feet tall, was going to have s child, and the doctors were pessimistic about her condition. In addition to this worry, Bob had had bad luck financially. And to take his mind off of his troubles, he dived into a fit of serious writing. The result was a play which he called "The Road to Rome." iter the baby was born and Mary was out of danger, Bob's relief was shadowed by his

However, the first of the Masseys to reach our shores, Geoffrey, landed in Salem, Mas-

# BY HARRY EVANS

first motion picture critic to be recognized nationally, and his early reviews in Life in the days of silent pictures were accepted as guide by thousands of screen fans. In fact, I think that there has never been, in his time or since, a movie critic whose work commanded so much respect. A few days before Bob left Life, I went into his office and asked him who had been hired to do the movie reviews. "Nobody," he said. "That's where you come in." "You're kidding!" I said. "You know I'd like to take a shot at the reviews, but I'm no



A side of the Lincoin character not brought ask in schoolbooks accounts for this scene—one of the most dramatic schedinos in "Abe Lincols in Illi-nois"—in which Abe, on the night when he levens he has been elected Fraudient, gives the snaging Mrs. Lincoln (Marrist Kirkland) a deserved berufing for having aired their perspend difficulties in public

in "Abe Lincoln in Illinois." Abe (Raymond Manay) hours the impositioned place of his low parises, william Hendrad (Weedel K. Faillin), for him to go through with his scheduled marriage to Mary food, whose dowing selblino fills his with minimum, Only her gooding, thenden minimum, of his minimum, Only her gooding, thenden minimum, will minimum Abe to endering service to the melitical fills.

screen critic." He looked at me with that crooked smile of his and drawled, "How do you know? Go out and write some." So ! went out and saw two movies that night and handed in the reviews the next day. "They're terrible," I said as Bob started reading them. "Nothing like yours at all."

"Why should they be?" he said, without looking up, "You're nothing like me." As he locking up, "Yeo're nothing like me." As he continued reading, without a change of expression, I stood there with my knoze shaking and hedding my hreath. Finally be glanced your goal of the property of the

any reviews for the next issue."

The lad who had been selected to succeed Bob as editor was Norman Anthony, who had been running the magazine Judge. The day Norman arrived, the movie reviews were due to be sent to the printer. So he called me in and asked, "Where's the copy for the movie department?" I gulped and replied "Er-Bob Sherwood didn't write any ahead so I just-er-whipped these up. You know-inst something to fill the space." Norman read the reviews and decided to use them. He had to. There wasn't time to do anything else.

And that, my friends, is how the eminent

suther, playwright, and scenarist, Robert E. Sherwood, finanted me into the movie critic racket. It was the one thing I wanted to do more than anything else, and I've had a swell time at the job ever since. No wonder I love

R AYMOND MASSEY, who plays the role of Lincoln in Bob's play, is noted for his stage portrayals of typical American characters. Which may seem odd when this situation is taken into consideration: In England, Mr. Massey is often taken for an American; in America, he is taken for an Englishman. But, strictly, he is neither. He is a Canadian, having been born in Toronto. suchusetts, in 1629 and became the local Lincoln - a great-great-great-great-grand-father of the President-settled in the nearby community of Hingham, Massachusetts. eight years later. So it is possible that the Salem progenitor of actor Raymond Massey was accommed with the Hingham progenitor of the man whom Massey is now characterizing in the Plymouth Theatre.

You often hear the expression, "That man is a horn actor?" It has been said many times about Mr. Massey, but if it is true, he had no instinctive knowledge of it, because his decision to go on the stage was not made until he was a mature man. Mr. Massey was a student at Oxford when the World War began, and he was soon in it. He became a captain in the Canadian Field Artillery, was wounded at Ypres, and spent six months in

In the final days of the war, he was sent on special duty to Siberia. To provide amusement for his companions, he organized a minetrel show. In it, he was an end manhis first theatrical effort, After the war he returned home, and, like many other men of the time, found himself at loose ends. Then he started thinking seriously of the theatre as a career. So he went to the illustrious actor, John Drew, and asked his counsel. "My advice." said Mr. Drew. "is don't enter the theatre. But if you must, then go to England." He went and after a series of successful appearances in first small roles and then important ones, he was convinced that he had

Massey made his American debut in the Norman Bel Geddes production of "Hamlet" in 1931. One day he received a request for an interview from a man who de scribed himself as a vaudeville dancer and a former friend. When the man walked into his dressing room, Mr. Massey recognized him immediately. He was the soldier who had dragged Mr. Massey to safety the day he was wounded at Ypres. The man was hired on the spot to serve as the actor's secretary and valet. Then, inevitably, came Hollywood, There

is always a Hollywood phase in the life of (Please turn to base 22)





picture of the Lincoln frailties as well as the Lincoln virtues. According to Mr. Sherwood's play, Lincoln would have much preferred to wrap his life in a cloak of obscurity, and it was only through the badger-ing and bullying of a shrewish, ambitious fe and the constant insistence of friends that the mantle of greatness was thrust upon

And so, in this play, we are presented with the intensely interesting portrait of a man who, even on the eve of his election to the Presidency of the United States, was torn between the call of destiny and a yearning for the peace and contentment of his humbler days. "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" is indeed a sig-nificant play—an interesting left of Americana to be preserved by the art of the theatre—as one of our precious historical legends. To me, however, there are two factors connected with the play which are as interesting as the play itself. The author, Robert E. Sherwood, and the star, Raymond Massey.

IT has been my privilege to know Mr. Sherwood well. He was my first boss when I came to New York to work. And here are a couple of tales about our association. On the basis for it, even though, at the time, I had had but a brief interview with Bob. associated with him, the impression grew. He surely had and has many of the characteristics attributed to Lincoln. But here's the pay-off-about Clair. After to fire Bob Sherwood! Despite his obvious admiration for the bird. Know why? Because Bob could not seem to get down to the office in the morning before 11 o'clock. The day Bob was to leave, he had lunch with Perry Githens (now promotion direc-tor of [iberty) and myself. Perry and I were both unhappy and pretty sore about Bob's being let out. Which led to Perry's making a crack which I shall never forget "What difference did it make what time you came to work?" he snorted to Bob. "I'd rather have the benefit of your thoughts from 11 to 12 than the mental output of any other guy in the organization from 9 to 5!"

To which Bob replied, "Thanks, Perry, but Clair is right, I've been thinking too much

about my own writing to give the magazine

proportion of \$15,000. Aside from his job at Life, he had only one other asset—his play, and that, in his own opinion, was a doubting oce. However, he let a friend take the play to producer William A. Brady (Alice Brady's father), who was looking for a vehicle for Janc Coul. "The Road to Rome" was an asswer from hoaven, and Brady made a deal with Bob. The play was an immediate smooth hit, and in a few mombis Bob had not only paid all his debts but had a large bunk of each in the bank. Bob is reported to have made more than \$330,001 from this one play. Time changes many things. And so it and he is now married to Madeline Hurlock I wonder if you remember her? She used to play vampire roles in Mack Sennett comedies, and was one of the famous Sennett beauties. Madeline has retained her good looks and has a natural charm which has made her as popular with the English the atrical and social bigwigs as she is in

debts, which had now assumed the fea-

N OW, my last anecdote about Bob Sher-wood: He was, as you may know, the



Thomks for Everylegs: Jack Catle, same Bornes, Addishe exists, Arices Wheles, and Jack Islay are all lefty studies here, but left from good of a from good y's and Arless's belig leaded. researchest.

pretty elubby here, is a lat of finogling on m as a resett of the year and Arisan's beliefeded, respective such as a constant of the second of

## "THANKS FOR EVERYTHING" Produced by 20th Century-Fox Directed by William A, Seiter

Directed by William A. Seiter

CAST—Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, Jack
Hake, Arleten Whelan, Tony Martin, Binnie
Barnes, George Barbier, Warren Hymer,
Gregory Gaye, Andrew Tombes, Jan Dugsan Paul Hurst.

STUATION THE STATE AND ADDRESS OF THE STATE OF THE STATE

OPINION-Some good moments, some weak spots. Average: Fair. THE REEL DOPE

# "RIDE A CROOKED MILE" Produced by Poromount Directed by Alfred E. Green

CAST-Akim Tamiroff, Leif Eriksm Frances Farmer, Lynne Overman, John Miljan, J. M. Kerrigan, Vladimir Sokoloff, Genia Nikola, Wade Crosby, Robert Gleckler, SITUATION—Akim Tamiroff, ex-Cossark is in America rustling cattle on a large scale. His ex-wife, whom he hasn't seen in 20 years, comes to him, saying she is turning over to him their son. Leif Erikson, whom Tamiroff has never seen. Father and son are distrustful of each other, but when Tamiroff learns that Leif can take care of himselffighting, riding, or drinking—he becomes fond of the how Then Leif falls in love with Frances Farmer, a member of the Tami-roff household. But a sudden circumstance changes everything. Tamiroff is arrested by Federal officers and sent to Leavenworth prison. Leit's one thought is to resear his dad, so he joins the Army and gets transferred to the cavalry at Fort Leavenworth. Finally the escape is planned-and works. Tamiroff is at liberty, but then Leif is assigned to a detail to run down the prisoner,

Good situation.

COMMITTE—Prince Dataset over of the COMMITTE—Prince Dataset of our formation of the Committee of the Committ

OFINION-Nothing outstanding, but I doubt if you'll be bored.

### IN THE MATTER OF PANTS (Continued from tops 5)

suddenly that the girl's car was parked in front of the store, he braked the motorcycle viciently and swerved up alongside it. The Judge and Cecil Rutherford watched him step, disancent, and push back his goggles. Then he grimed: "Afternoon, gentlemen." "Afternoon," realide the Judge. "In kind

Arternoon, regues the judge. In terms of a hurry, aren't you.

The patrolman scowled. "Yes," he said eitherly. "Yes," He jerked his beed at the big car. "Right past the county fire station. Seventy-five miles an hour if she was doing an includ And over these roads. Where is

"Inside," said the Judge. "She's phoning."
"Must have thought I wouldn't follow ber," said the partoines. He pulled off his gaussitets, extracted a summons book from his turne peotic, and tearned toward the touring car. "These chames think they can get away with marder."

"There, now!" cried Ceril Rutherford.
"What did I tell you? It's this business of searin' pants,"
"Ceril," said the Judge, "semetimes you're considerable of a trial to me."

"Unphit" morted Ceell Retherford. They after a passe, "Might as well get on with Roarin Rathe, You was sayin'...

The Judge smithed. "When she first eximp to Piezonni Valley," he centimed, "I didn't not be a second to present the second passes and the ground process have suspected if I hadrin' run across her one day suspected if I hadrin' run across her one day suspected if I hadrin' run across her one day suspected if I hadrin' run across her one day suspected if I hadrin' run across her one day suspected if I hadrin' run across her one day suspected if I hadrin' run across her one day support to the condition of the condition

for a modition of suspicion.

"I got an asswer from the sheriff about a week later. It was a handhall offering a week later. It was a handhall offering a revenued of \$200 dead and \$500 ablew for revenued of \$200 dead and \$500 ablew for the sheet later. I was a pretty right ploness of the knowledge of the sheet later than t

molls running around locer at that time some wearing parts, but most of them properly skirted—and I figured that any strange

female who toted two six-guns was eligible

loss, as you might say, I wasted no time.
"That night at the lar—we had a salone
"That night at the lar—we had a salone
office was down the street—I waited unit
office was down the street—I waited unit
before also could make maybody, if also happened to sense I was on the trail. Unforpened to sense I was on the trail. Unforted the street of the street was the street.

"I wan't much closer to her best this
"I wan't much closer to her best this
her goan, and started shooting as me I ended

up behind a cracker barrel in the corner of the store, with her bullets cutting spilinters off the barrel and with my chin in the dust!

"Right at that moment, Cocil, Pd have sworn up and down that the was all keeber -and load howber at that 15 be was standing with her back to the wall, legs spread, with the property of the standard of the property guns covering every man in the room. She was built chanky and solid like a man. Her voice was three tones lower than yours, and

(Please turn to page 17)



### "Seems more people are asking for Campbell's Pea Soup every day"

"When you taste it, you'll know why, too!
We had it at our house just the other night
and, believe me, it was good! From now on
we are going to have it often!"

And that is what is bappening everywhere when Campbell's Pea Soup is served. More and more poople are trying it and telling their friends how really grand it is. For this soup makes you like it as soon as you taste the first delicious spoonful!

In its smooth, garden-green depths, you enjoy the tempting flavor and the wholesome nourishment of fine plump peas. Campbell's chefs have seasoned it skillfully, gently, and made it even richer with a generous amount of table butter.

Make frequent use of Campbell's Pea Soup. It's a wonderful lunch for children; it's a splendid way to start off a parry! And remember to have it sometimes as Cream of Pea, by adding milk, instead of water.

HOW TO MAKE PURÉE MONGQLE

Scop, and a can of Campbell' Tomato Scop, and air th contents together. Add ask as much as will fill one of the case. Heat and serve,



Campbells. Pea Soup



# "You'll be happy as larks!"

#### 1. His mother whispered: She's wonderful. Bob - but you could teach her a thing or two about tea. Tell her to set Lifton's.

2. Bob objected: Gosh, Mom, but Lipton's Tea must cost a fortune. And we're going to be poor as church mice!

#### 3. Mother faughed it off:

Why, son, even as choice a tea as Lipton's costs less than any other beverage except water. And you really ought to serve the best-when the best costs so little.

### LIPTON'S TEA



# SUE SUTTON'S

#### SUNDAY

Tomato Tempter (Hot condensed conned tomoto sout) topped with grated cheese and parsley) eef Shart Ribs, South America

Hot Rolls Rich Chacolote Coke with Butter Icina Caffee, Tea, or Milk

Macarani and Cheese Ruttered Reets Mashed Turnins Orange and Lettuce Salad with Whole Wheat Bread Rutter

Packaged Vanillo Pudding Leftover Chacalate Coke Caffee, Tea, or Milk

TUESDA

#### (Bread stuffing in sliced hom baked in Pickled Beets Sliced Onions

Peanut Butter Cam Bread Butter Mople Syrup Apple Fritters Caffee, Teo, or Milk



#### WEDNESDAY

Peasant Vegetable Soup Hot Doos (Wieners in tousted finger rolls) Mustord Pickles Hat Artichakes with Melted Butter

Salad Caliente Colifornia Cake Coffee, Tea, or Chocolate



Escallaped Oysters Buttered Boiled Patatoes Mashed Carrots Mixed Green Salad with Pickle Relish French Dressing

Toasted Bread Strips Dried Peach or Aprical Pie Coffee, Tea, or Milk

THURSDAY

Heated Conned Corned Beef Cauliflawer with Saur Sauce (Substitute vinegar for liquid in butter Buttered Canned Whale Kernel Corn

Leftaver Californio Coke

Coffee, Tea, or Milk

#### SATURDAY

Pineapple Juice Cocktail Canned Boston Baked Beans with Fried Salt Pork Boked Sliced Onions and Apples Hat Boston Brawn Broad Butter

> Leman Custard Torts Caffee, Tea, ar Milk



BEEF SHORT RIBS, SOUTH AMERICAN Ribs to the front 2 to 2% pounds lean beef short ribs

2 feespoons Worces-15 cues coaked dried 1/2 cup flour Vi tegrappen solt % teospoor pepper 3 large enjare 3 to 4 lorge cooking 2 toblespoors shortealed cooles 1 our woter

Leave meet in large tierra; roll in flour mixed with salt and pepper; and brown in bot shortening. Place short ribs in drip pan; add water and Worerstershire sauce. Bake add water and Worcesterstare same. Bake 2 hours, or until tender, in moderate oven (350° F.), adding prunes last hour of bak-ing. Peel oxious; cut in large rings; slice unpeeled apples in large rings; and sante onions and apples. Serve meat on hot platter with prunes, onions, and apples arranged around it. Serves fa

PEASANT VEGETABLE SOUR A conned sout duct 1 con condensed % cun with

neo torn I con condensed venetable some

Combine was and vesytable souns in some Combine pen and vegetable soups in source-pen; add I can water gradually, stirring con-stantly; and add milk. Heat slowly just to boiling point. Serves 6.

SALAD CALIENTE With a Marican Samon Vi con finely 1 trospoon chilli I bed partie 2 loblespoons vinepar & cup olive oil 1/2 cup thinly

cup brand cubes W cap finally choosed I cup diced cooked pototosa 2 toblespoons I cup cooked string chopped porsies 1 tensoon rolt

15 cup groted corret Saute onion and garlic in olive oil; add bread cubes; brown; remove garlic; and cool. Add pimiento, parsley, salt, chili powder,

and vinegar; mix well; and add vegetables. Chill well before serving. Serves 6. CALIFORNIA CAKE Prunes and molosses collaborate

2% cops flour % can better or 3 tenungana bakina shortening. powder IV cops sugar 35 teospoon sodo 14 cup light molosses 15 te espeon soit % cup nilk

dried prints Sift flour; messure; and sift again with baking powder, sods, mace, and salt. Pit prunss; cut into small picces. Cream butter or shortening; add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluify. Add whole eggs, one at a time, heating well after each addition; add molasses. Add flour alternately with milk, small amount at a time, beating until amouth after each addition; add flavor-ing. Bake in 3 well greased 9-inch layer cake pans 25 minutes, or until done, in moderate oven (375° F.), Ice with orange butter icing.

Serves 16. GLAZED ONIONS With felly

12 medium-size V<sub>2</sub> cup woter 14 cup chapped I esp apple, cyrront. cooked baces or grope jelly

Ped onlons; cook whole in generous amount boiling water 20 minutes, or until tender; and drain. Heat jelly and water to-gether in large skillet until jelly is dissolved; add bacon and onlons; cook slowly, turning colons constantly until well coated; and



#### FROM THE PROUDEST STALKS IN THE LAND FOR AMERICA'S BEST APPETITES ...

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(Aust complete this sentence in 25 words or less)

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Ivory is and how many uses at has in your home HINTS TO HELP YOU WAN! There are so many things to say ahout Ivory Soap. It should be suy for you to write a winning sentence. Why, sentences as sample as these may win! . . . "I like lower Sout become . . . only two weeks after I

WIN! START NOW! "I like Ivory Soap because

stopped using strong soap for washing dishes and changed to Ivory, my hands looked prettier and felr so much amouther." "I like Irrey Sup becaus . . . I've always used Ivory for my completion—and although I'm nearly 50, I'm proud to say my skin is still smooth and fine."

"I like Ivery Sup Season . . . my doctor ordered Ivery for bathing my 6 weeks old baby—and that's proof enough for me that Ivery is a monderfully pure soup." IFS EASY! So sit right down now and write your ending to this sentence—"I like Ivory Soap be-cause . . " in 25 words or less, Nothing fancy—

just your own simple, stoces words telling your experience with Ivory Soap and how you use it—that's what we're after. And that's how the judges START NOW! Send in your first concest entry today!

Space, comfort and good taste are built into "The Special," Model 41-the Space, comfect and good taste are built to you at your Texaco Desler's, anyinto "The Special," Model 41—the 
values in America. With Fre-Chief you 
free 8-cylinder, four-door sedan tat 
get, too, "Girels Service"—and Courtey 
you may van!

\* from the Geatherns who serves you.

VORY

It's not just the new beauty of line that \* With each first prize you get 1000 pai it's not you are now occurs or a second of feat firing, quick-responding in Buck's great eight-cylindered engine. Fire-Caief gaarline. . FREE Delivered

> FOR CONTEST NEWS AND PRIZE-WINNERS TUNE IN DM: RATIO \_ "The O'Neills," "Mary Martin" and "Life Can Be Beautiful" Mondays thru Fridays-see newspaper for time and stations READ THESE FASY RILLES

> Finish the sentence "I like Ivory Soap !
> " in 25 saiditional words or less In 25 additional words or less Write on one side of a sheet of paper. Sign your name and address. Send no extra letters, drawings or photo-graphs with your coley. You can enter these contests as of

OPENING

SOAP 99 44/100 D/e PURE IT FLOATS

SAVE THIS INFORMATION ON HOW TO ENTER THIS CONTEST

your children #Safe-reasforababy's skin bables, so you —Ivory is kind to grown-

your bands in the di-for about 16 a day.

Finish sentence "I like Ivery Seep because . . . " in 25 words or less. Attach wrappers from one medium-size and one large-size Ivery Seep (or facsimiles). Send entry to Ivery Soap, Dept. FC, Bex 778, Cincinnati, Ohio Send for his of minners - after March 4, 1839, the conclusion of the 6th and final week

tso peoper 114 cups grated mayornaise Put popped corn through food grinder, using coarse blade; makes cup. To 1/2 cup add cheese, salt. pepper, and mayonnaise; mix thoronghly. Form into balls: roll in remaining 34 cup ground popped torn Makes 12 medium-size balls

or 24 small halls

#### JUST POPPING OFFI · BUTTERED POPCORN - For each

quart hot popped corn, allow 2 there, melted butter. Pour over corn; toss gently so that each blossom gets an equal coating. Salt to

B HOMEWADE CHEESE POPCOEN -For each quart hot popped corn, pour over 3 thank melted butter; toss corn to distribute batter. While still hot, sprinkle with salt and dust evenly with 4 to 6 there very finely grated American or Parmesan thoese Serve as hors d'ocuvres or

Even papearn has special dishes these tlays. The Individual wooden bawls filled with flaky crisp blossoms of papears are greated at a papeing party



as accompaniments for som, salad, or fruit. a STORING LIMITORIED CORN-TOcanned unpopped corn, store in original can; keep tightly closed to retain moisture. For bulk unpopped

corn, tie loosely in cloth bag and hang in cool (not cold) place where the air can circulate through · STORING POFFED CORN - Ponted corn will remain crisp and flaky indefinitely when stored (immediately after it is cooled in an airtight container. Popped corn to be

stored should not be buttered or salted, as this tends to toughen the . REHEATING OR RECRISPING POP. COEN-Place popped corn in shall low pan in slow oven (250° F.) a few minutes, or until all moisture has been dried out and the kernels

are flaky and crisn. . STORING CRACKER JACK-Cracker jack and sopcorn balls retain their crispness when stored in airtight containers.

WAYS TO SERVE POPCORN

#### · Unbuttered salted popped corn may be served as croutous on too

corn may be served as an accompainment for soups or salads. · Serve buttered salted popped

corn at the end of dinner in place of salted nuts. · Serve spiced popeorn as an ac-

companisoent at afternoon tess. · Hot buttered popped corn served

in individual bowls avoids spilling and dropping the kernels. · Hot buttered popped corn is delicious with juicy apples and

puts for informal get-togethers in the evening.

· Serve gracker jack sealed in boxes with a prize in every package at children's parties and at informal parties for grownups.



POPPING corn is rightfully men's work. Women, of course, do encroach upon this prerogative, but it still remains primarily a man's job. In fact, it was one of our men readers who requested an article on popeors. So to the men declicate this treatise on the art and fun of popping corn, for when the staccato pop-pop-pop is heard, it's two to one that the man of the house has taken over the corn-popping operations and is having the time of his life. which pops into large fishes with practically no kernel left to the very large grains which pop into still larger blossoms. Then there is an array of colored corn. The very white grains pop into white popcorn, and the vellow grains produce a levely creamy yellow popears which looks as if it has already been

buttered. For snowy white popours, however, you should purchase the black grains, for contrary to what you might expect, they burst into the whitest of white fluffy kernels People have different opinious as to the correct method of pounting corn. There are those who insist that a heavy pan or kettle is the one and only utensil to use. Equally adamant are those who awear by wire screen requers. And then there are the moderns who prefer electric poppers. To carry the differences even further, some men prefer to pop coen over glowing embers in the fireplace, whereas others like to use the kitchen stove

Not being eager for controversy, we take no sides, because the results are virtually the same in all cases, and it's the quality and moisture content of the corn rather than the utensil and method which make for the fullest pop and the fewest "old maio

CEREALS-VOL, 3A The Femily Circle Megazine, Jenuary 13, 1939



Fortunately, popcorn may now be bought in airtight cans with the proper amount of moisture scaled inside. Popcoru which is purchased in bulk or in cellophane bags and which may have dried out while being stored at home may be sprinkled or immersed in water before it's popped. This adds the necessary moisture to set the corn bursting into full bloom in short order. Just as important as the quality and condition of the corn is the temperature of the nopper. It should be bot-hot enough to start the corn popping in from one and one-half to two minutes after the corn is but into it, but not so hot as to scorch the corn. If it takes longer than two minutes to start the corn popoing, it's an indication that the pan is not hot enough. If a frying pan or lettile is used, it is placed on top of the stove. Wire poppers should be held about an inch above the source of heat. When popping corn

over embers, one has to use his own judgment as to propey distance, because The figgling of the pan begins when the popcorn goes into the popper and continues until the last rat-tat-tat of the popular corn. This should be about

four minutes after the corn first begins to pop. For extra fiskiness and erisposas, it's well to place the popped corn in a shallow pen in a slow oven (250° F.) for a few moments to dry out any remaining moisture, Possed corn may play a variety of roles. Everyone knows how grand it is buttered and eaten by handfuls around the fire, A delight to young and old alike are CRACKER JACK and POPOGEN DALLS, the appearance and taste of which may be changed in many ways by varying the flavor and color of the

syrup. Hot popcorn is delicious when eaten as a cereal with cream and sugar or eliced fruit, and it's marvelous as a garnish for soups, too, But these are just a few of the many uses we've discovered for it In the event that you may have at least one non-pop-popular party this winter, our testing kitchen is on hand with timely popcorn hints and recipes for syrups which have already won mesculine approval.

Julia Lee Wright

TANUARY 13



POPCORN BALLS They're youmny) V cup butter

2 qti. papped Combine snear, corn sycus, water, and salt in saucepan; mix until sugar is completely blended. Cook until small amount in cold water forms hard ball (200° F.); add butuntil small amount in cold water forms very soft crack (272! F.). Add flavoring; mix. Pour over warm unbuttered freshly popped corn; stir to coat each kernel ther-

corn into balls; and wrap in waxed VARIATIONS CHISPETTES-After coating popped corn with syrup, place about 34 cup in well honered No. 2 can from smoothly cut; piece one end on waxed paper; firmly pack corn down with bottom of pint bottle; and push crispette through can,

oughly. Butter hands lightly; shape

paper, Makes 8 large balls.

EARS OF CORN-Add 56 tsp. vellow syrup. Proceed as for popcorn balls, shaping into forms resembling cars of rorn. Wran in florist's green waxed paper, cutting paper to re-CRACKER JACK

For brise backgoes

1/4 tsp. vinegos theps, butter als, sopped com Combine sugar, molasses, coru

ayrup, water, and vinegar in sauccpan; mix until sugar is completely blended. Cook until small amount F.); add butter and penguts. Continue cocking very slowly until small amount in cold water forms soft crack (272° F.), stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Remove from heat; add soda by sifting through small sieve; and mix thoroughly. Pour over warte unbuttered freshly popped corn; stir to coat each kernel thoroughly, Pour orto waxed paper or 2 lightly buttered cooky sheets or platters; separate with 2 forks. When cool break into pieces. Store in airtight container, Makes 2 Bs. (Note: If roasted peanuts are used, do not

cook in syrup, but add to popped SPICED POPCOEN Serve with dessert or beverage W can pawdered 2 theps, melted Yy tap. pyteep 1 qt. popped com

Sift sugar: measure: and sift again with spices. Pour butter over popped corn: mix well; sprinkle









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You will enjoy new peace of mind when you have the famous Gerber baby and all that be stands for, in your hume. His picture on every can of Gerber's Foods assures you that you are getting vegetables specially grown for your own little baby. To preserve vitamins and minerals, vegetables are raised on mearby fatters. No lengthy transportation to rob baby of vital food elements. Be sure—get Gerber's—they out at 100 peace of the property of the p







# FOOD FOR THOUGHT



THE SILVER MEDAL OF THE SILVER MEDAL OF I'EN AFFAIRS) THE CROSS OF THE GIVEN TO HIM BY ROYAL VISITORS



COPENHAGEN, DEMARK - MANY DANISH FARMERS ARE GETTING BETTER MILK PROM MORE CONTENED CONS BECAMES THEY FARMER AND THE PERFORMENT IN THE BARNES. TESTS SHOWED THE PERFORMENT PROBLEM REDUIL TO ME AND THE PERFORMENT PROBLEM RESIDENCE OF THE PERFORMENT





GIVING STREET SAMPLES AS AN ADVERTISION STUAT IS NOT NEW YEARS AS PROMOTED PARTS STREETS FOR HORN SAMPLES FROM WINE SAMPLES FROM WOODEN BUCKETS

INVESTAL facts cloud food and have making on givined cond into in this case of the condition of the conditio

#### IN THE MATTER OF PANTS (Continued from page 8)

(Continued from page 8)
she was caseing harder and faster than any
man I ever heard.

"Sine started to edge toward the door, moving her legs like a man would—from the
bins instead of just from the knees. She

und before the state and the trace the space of the space

JUST then the girl came out of the store.

Just then the girl came out of the store.

She smiled at the Judge and said.

Thanks, Pop. Her bands were in the poole of the trum slacks, and she stood flat on her briefs lies a boy. Then she saw the particular of the car. Oh-oh-the law!" the said, and went quadrate down the steps.

down the steps.

Out of the corner of his month, Cocil
Rutherford said, "Ske wouldn't be afraid of
no mouse?"
"Maybe not," said the Judge, "My wife ian't

either, and goodness knows there's never been a more womanly woman than Sarah." He pointed. "But look there!" Halfway to her car, the girl had paused. From somewhere in her slacks size had fisched out a little gold compact, and also was dabbing powder on her part nose. As the Judge and Cecil watched, she mapped

the compact durt, patted quickly as her hair, and then appeared to lose all her awagger and to shrunk suddenly into a completely feating her hard to be a subject of the compact of the co

more were tears in nor mine eyes.
"Oh, Officer," she quavered, "sleage doe"t
give me a ticked I I known I was going too
station." She gave a little, pitable laugh
station." She gave a little, pitable laugh
I was frightened, I know it sounds allly,
Officer, If I'd known you were on the road,
I wouldn't have been afraid, but—" again
the little, helpless laugh." — was so frightthe little, helpless laugh." — was so fright-

The Judge looked at Ceil Rutherford.

"Pants or no pants," he said drilt, "did you cret use a mas who mould do that?

"Hawshi" morried Ceil Rutherford. He know, "he said, "die really recovery to the conow," he said, "die really really to choose," he said, "die really really triphened back in them dark woods.

The Judge's glance was withering in its credit woods and the conow, he said, the men dark woods.

The Judge's glance was withering in the conordinate of the c

#### THE PERSONAL TOUCH (Continued from page 3)

O UR thruits to Mrs. Les Rockley, 601 Main St., Clayton, New Mexico, for her contribution and a pleasant comment. In sending this poem, Mrs. Rockley writes, "I thoroughly enjoy every lit of your clever, helpful, un-to-the-minute mayazine."

helpful, up-to-the-minute magazine."

TO A LITTLE LOST FRIEND

Top long now have I walked alone,
Unfretted by a suiden rack,
Unsathorized and rechtes dash,

Or headlong scurry through the brush.

At some faint rustling stir I turn
To see, where latticed sunshine weaves,

To see, where lathiced nunthine weaves, A momenturily visioned form— Then nothing's there but blown brown leaves.

I wonder if somewhere beyond
I'll find you woiting as of old,
Alest to leap and lick my hand
And make less stronge the streets of gold?

ke less stronge the streets of gold!

—ANNE ANNOT DOWN

W E are indebted to Mrs. T. Marshall Davidson of Phoenix, Arizona, for contributing this poem.

The less believing, more of grieving,
The more you doubt, the less you dore;
But fear is always at deceiving.
At kope, and always twice the care.
Pd rather hape and be missisken
Than fear and food my fear native,
To live swyiriding and wethalen,
To do, at least to rey to do.

He who retreated ere defeated Has little lost but nothing won Is choated, by hisuself is cheated, Undone, but by himself undone. Pd rather fail, but fail in trying, Than sever fail and never win, For little's lost by fate defying, But Mit is fast by fate defying. But Mit is fast by the fail in the lost by the fail of the fail of

W E are most grateful to Mrs. P. M. Minter, 333 Kensington Rd., Rocky, P. W. Willer, Ohlo, for sending this contribution, Mrs. Minter writes, "This poem has influenced me greatly in my attitude toward my children. I hope that many others may also find it helpful."

-DOUGLAS MALLOCE

#### LESSON

Have you seen, onywhere, a tall little lad And a winsome true last of four? It was only today, barefooted and brown, That they played by my blithen door. It was only loday (or maybe a year; It could not be twenty, I know!) They were skouting for me to help in their

game,
But I was too busy to go;
Too busy with sweetping and dusting to play,
And now they have silently wandered away.

If by chance you hear of a little slim lad And a small winsome lass of four, I pray you to tell me! To find them again, I would journey the wide world o'er. Somewhere, I am sure, they'll be playing a

game, And should they be calling for me
To come out and help them, oh, tell them,
I beg,
Pm coming as fast as con be,
For there's never a house might hold me

Could I hear them call me to share in their play!

—MINNTE CASE MOPKINS



eside a sod kolo in which she lived with a Lapp mily sits Neill Joses with the see of the horse. a Septimised by the photographs in an Azericas agazine sent to Miss Janes because it contained review of her book. "Political Vagaband Up and own the West," which had just been published own the West," which had just been published.

"No one I met scemed to know much about it," said Neill James to me, "so thought I'd take a look for myself." "Where was that," I asked. "Lapland," replied the Petiticast Vagabond, whose feat of carning her way completely around the world has already been described in THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE. "You know where it is, of course?"
"Certainly," I said. "It's in the north of Europe—somewhere near—th . . ."

"Never mind," smiled Miss James. "You're only guessing, and even if you try harder you'll just think of something vague about reindeer. Lapland has reindeer, all right, and could be described as the stable for Santa Clans best it also has a swanky hotel on the Arctic Circle and an electric railway running far north of that. Yet most of the Lappe are nomads, forever on the go, living a life of hardship and simplicity, and perhaps sub-consciously struggling to escape the clutch of civilization. I lived among them for eight months, and came away just in time to escape Movemitors above the Arctic Circle? Abso-

lutely. Vilhialmer Stefansson, the famous explorer, once told me how mosquitoes made life miserable in the icy wastes north of Canada, and Miss James says that during

the North Cape. I knew it would mean diacomfort and perhaps more cold than a Mis-sissippi girl likes, but the old feminine curiosity simply had to be satisfied. Luckily, I reached Finnish Lapland in time to hear of a reindeer roundup at Vataszari, so after skimming 260 kilometers (eight kilometers equal five miles) in a pulkka, a native sled I'll tell you more about later, I arrived as housands of reindeer were being crammed

into a large corral.
"It's impossible to keep a herd intact all year, as there are bound to be straggiers and runnways which eventually fall in with some other herd, so all the Lapps in a district hold an occasional roundup to sort out their animals. The deer have no brands burned into them, as that would be thought cruel, but they're marked with a series of notches and holes cut into one car, and it was amazing house the mass and emerge with their lassos into the mass and emerge with their own animals. They also found many new additions—shy little fawns running beside their errant mothers—and the babits were nrometly marked. Often they were small enough to be carried in the owner's arms. Some of the Lagos showed me how to wield a lasso. Their women have to know how, so they can potch in and help at a roundup, which isn't exactly a picnic. The rounding, which isn't exactly a picnic. The reindeer keyt circling, lowing steadily, until the ground shook, and I couldn't help won-dering what would happen it they decided to trample me. Being in their midst was like being surrounded by a vast tan-colored sea above which dangerous-looking arthers and the couldness of the country of the country of the transfer of the country of the country of the country of the search of the country of

a pretty frail life preserver. "For you mustn't think reindeer are easy to catch." Miss James went on, "and that be-cause they're domesticated they must be tame. A butk will often put up a terrific fight, and it will take a whole family pulling on the lasso to draw him from the big corral to the smaller one built for his herd. Every time a door is separated from the big herd, his owner cuts a notch on a stick, and thus keeps tally of the size of his stock. One remarkable feature of this roundup was that it was conducted by moonlight, for the winter and there was no daylight as we know it. The scene looked like a stage setting, with its sharp shadows and soft tints of gray and violet against a panorama of Northern Lights that sent orange and yellow streamers into the bowl of the sky. "After several days, families of Lapps be-

tossed, and a length of rawhide seemed like

can driving their berds away again on the everlasting search for food, and I prepared to follow these people without homes wouldn't settle down if they could. I came to know them and scores of other Lappa Norway and Sweden. I learned their language, wore native dress, lived in their dwellings, ate their food. I traveled 2,000 kilometers by pulkka and felt that I was riding the wings of the

"A PULKKA is practically a wooden skate," explained Neill James. 'It's about six inches deep by six feet long and is shaped like a canoe, but with a wooden keel to bal-ance it, That's where the fancy work comes in You hitch this comveyance to a reindeer -which, incidentally, is driven with only one rein and no bitand the theory is that yers on skittering over the snow, deftly shifting your weight from sulbbg level. It takes some time to learn the trick, for one false move and you will be shot into a snowbank -and when you climb out, your coach and one will be a mile away. But once you're in the world like a pulkka, because then there's no need to blunder along trails or sketchy roads. They're

blotted out in winter.

anyway, and so you

markably self-seff-cient animal, on the orticle describes. White reindect, like the one shown below, ore the most volcable, their skin being the lapp water's sub-













# 40,000 SANTA CLAU<mark>SES</mark>

BY STEWART ROBERTSON

Lapland's inland valleys, driving both Lapps and reinder to the mountains, even though grazing is far scantier there. And just where is Lagland? Well, you know how the Scan-disavian peninsula sprawls like a charging tiger over one corner of Europe. Part of Lapland it roughly the tiger's hindquarters and tail, being actually the northernmost territory of Norway and Sweden, and the rest of it comprises the outer reaches of Finland and a small scoop of Russia. And in this farfung back yard live 40,000 Lapps—some fishing, some woodcutting, but most of them herding reindeer over the bleak trails in the

wanted to see all I could," Neill James told me, "instead, as so many 'travelers' have done, of edging into the country for a time look, saying 'Br-r-r-r-r-so this is Lapland!' and then scurrying back to cogness in Stockholm or on some luxury liner touching at



#### NEILL JAMES LIVES WITH THE LAPPS, AS UNSPOILED AS THEY ARE DIFFERENT AND COLORFUL

cold feet?' This fur coat is a poseth. It pulls on whiz across frozen lakes and down mountainsides, and after you become a regular shark you can drowse in a pulkko and feel sorry for the poor people who ride in stuffy Rollsover the head, comes to below the knees, and the full sleeves and belt make it the true Santa Clans model." "What about clothes?" I asked, for it

seemed a shame for an attractive American girl to submerge herself in the shapeless Lapp upholstery. "Couldn't you have got by with "Not in the cold of a Lanland winter" Miss James said as she started bringing forth some of the impedimenta she had worn. These boots of reindeer skin are called shaller," she told me, "and these reindeer fur staller," she told me, "and these reindeer fur leggings are bellinger. Stockings aren't worn in Lapland because they would slow up cir-culation. You just stiff your shoes and leg-gings full of senns grass, which is far better than any hose. The first greeting from a Lapp, by the way, is always 'Have you got

While she was talking, Neiff James put on a jaunty four-cornered blue and yellow cloth cap with a crimson, white, and yellow

band. This is called a Four Winds cap. Next she put on a cap of blue crowned with a bright orange pompon (see cover). Then she showed me a blue broadcloth cap with yellow, green, and rod embroidery-excel-lently made, for even the nomad Lang woman manages to carry a portable bond sewing machine and a spinning wheel. In the interests of our female readers, I asked about Lapp lingeric, I was told that it consists of long panties and a slip of stanch "Lots of clothes are no handican to Lang women," said Miss James, "because they must

appear fat to seem beautiful to the male eve-A skinny girl can, of course, easily camou-flage her lack of weight by wearing half a doxen dresses. There aren't any nighties. You simply undress a tribe and let it go at that, or sometimes you just flop the way you are. You usually retire without undressing when you're on tour, because then for shelter each Lapp family puts up a sort of teper, which they call a kete, and to live in one is a tough-

ening experience.
"Every time he moves, the Lapp puts up his kota in a different spot, so he must carry the framework with him on one of his large baggage sleds. To make a kota, a circle of poles are slanted upward and inward, hori-zontal ones are lashed to them, and reindeer hides are used as a covering. A hote in larger at the base than most Indian types, and the smoke hole at the top is much larger.

#### THE WIT OF THE WORLD

"Tell me. Dad, what is a consulting physician? 'He's a doctor who is called in at the

last minute to share the blame." -Crimeon

He: If you keep looking at me like that, I'm going to kiss you She: Well hurry un! I can't hold this expression much longer I-Detabus

Doctor: Well, Mrs. Higgs, did your husband carry out my instructions-six pills in a spoonful of brandy? Mrs. Higgs: Yes, Doctor. He takes each nill separately in a tablespoon! al are

Foreman: Why are you leaving? Riveter: I don't mind hammering rivets all day long, but the man next to me hums incessantly! -Columns

Little Tommy had been to church for the first time. When asked what his impressions were, he replied. "The scenery was beautiful and the chorus was pretty good, but the comedian was terrible! -Purble Cow

The farmer's daughter had at last persuaded her father to let her take singing lessons, but on condition that she practice while he was out working in the fields. One day the farmer came back to the house unexpectedly.

"What's that awful noise, Minnie?" he asked his wife

"That, dear," replied Minnie proudly, "is Tane cultivating her voice." Cultivating!" exclaimed the farmer. "That sin't cultivating-that's horrowing! -Gargovie

THE FAMILY CIRCLE MAGAZINE PRESENTED BY FISHER FOODS

CHAMPIONS OF

GOOD LIVING

40,000 SANTA CLAUSES

(Continued from page 19) self covered with snow. In really had weather the smoke hole can be covered, but that's

"I learned to sleep even with wolves bowlng outside. They never chased our pulkkar
b Russian fiction, but they were the reinmost cormy and often raided the herds. Their long, onivering wails never made groupe feel cheerier, but in the morning everyone forgot them and concentrated on breakfast. The Lapp system is to cat all you can hold at the beginning of the day, because "For lunch there's never time for more than enork taken on the fly, and who knows where and when the night camp will be made where and when the right camp will be made. It's quite possible to fall down exhausted right into sleep without any supper. I've done it, so more power to the big breakfasts.

T CAN still remember my first meal of dried reinderr meat and reindeer blood paneakes, with some dried Arctic berries," Neill James continued. "The Lanus have no vegetables, and the reindeer blood keets vegetances, and the remoter moun accept sensery away, besides being highly nourish-ing. Reindeer milk, frozen strif, is always hanging on the wall of the hote in a bag made from a reindeer's stomach, and so is reinders cheese which if you don't care for milk, is whittled off into your coffee, The Swedes introduced coffee to the Lapps, and now 30 curs a day is an adult's average ration. I steeped my daily consumption up to 20 cups, and those, with plenty of venison steak, and gained for desert, kept me from feeling the cold much

Over in Finnish Lapland I tomebroed up some more by indulging in a sound in-several of the settlements. That's a sort of vano both in a shark where there's on own of hot stones. Women pour water on them, producing clouds of steam, and I graped and perspered until I thought I couldn't stand any more. Then I was told to best myself with some switches that isy handy. I findled away until I was tingling ill over, and then as a climax I dashed into the open and rolled in the snow. It's a weaterful sensation—if you can stand it!

fe looks as if you wanted to be taken for a Lapp," I said, inspecting Miss James in the lenge to their neutral-toned land.
"That's it exactly," she admitted. "I could "That's it exactly," she admitted. "It could have gone in there with imported food and bot-water hottles, and in those and other ways made a sinsy trip out of It, but no natives ever accept you if you do things like that. Lapps have to be photographed, for example, because they think you've capturing their soul in a little black low, but once they'd accepted me, they let me she fichir pricurers much more willinghs. Oh, you, It crow there are plenty of Laso pictures, but they're mostly made at Jukasisarvi, a south-ern village about 500 miles from Stockholm where railroad tourists go to see the Northern Lights. The natives there are softened-up they've been spoiled through taking tips to

pose.
"But I lived long enough among the Lapps to learn that they're an intensely honest and hospitable people. No matter where I hap nened to be at the end of the day. always count on going to the nearest kots and being made welcome for the night or as long as I wanted to stay. And almost never was I allowed to pay for food or lodging. so I used to give presents to the children hoping that would make up in some measure for all their parents had done for me. "No Lapp ever locks anything up. The ones who live in shanties always leave the latchring out for any wayfarer, and the rare ases of theft generally concern the stealing of reindeer. A thief is ostrucized, but the church looks upon the sin of stealing reindoes as one that should be foreign because of the greatness of the temptation. Wealth to a Laro means reindeer. He can pay his to a Large meens remoter. He can pay me for marriage. His importance in his district i largely determined by the size of his herd.

"And please don't forget to say that the Lapps are Christians," remosted Neill James "A few sketchy attempts to convert them from normism were made long ago, beginning as far back as the 11th century, bein of the rigorous weather, and carried or their morehin of americation unt Rishon Lagstading went among them in 183 and converted them to Lutheranism. stirndants whenever they reach one, and a church marriage is especially desired. The they any illegitimate children but in some of their marriages they're allowed a certain leeway that's made necessary by distance



marry, but who are far from even a village

because they're on a long trek, to an given a hote of their own and if, a year given a feels of their own and if, a year or so later, they chance to come in touch with a priest, they're married and their children are baptized, to everyone's satisfaction. The marriages, though, are unromantic. The parents have great influence and naturally want their children to marry into as large a scinder herd as possible.

AND what cattleman wouldn't welcome a few thousand reindeer?" Miss James asked rhetorically. asked rhetorically. They leed themselves, cating a white fichem moss that grows in profusion, and they think nothing of forag-ing for it through heavy snow. They're able to sense where it is lung before their drivers have decided where the moss might be, and expand their rather large feet to adjusexpans their rather large rect to kepts their gast to dry or musby ground. They feed and clothe their owners; their sincess are sold to be made into surgical thread, and their hair is in demand for life belts, as each hair is a small hollow tube. A deer broken to driving is worth \$25, an ordinary one a \$10, and a good hide is worth about \$2.50.
White reindeer are worth more, as their skin is much admired by the women and is their is men admired by the women and is their substitute for mink. As for hiring reinders mine cost me 50c a day apiece, and the covered from 30 to 50 kilometers daily.

"Reindeer cows will accept only one calf, because they have harely enough milk for one, and I knew a Lapo who was raising a fown on milk to which he added calcum and cod liver oil. This fawn would come ning to the kess to get his bottle and then to keep it from freezing, as he was a sloppy drinker. But although we considered this baby quite tame, the offer reindeer were afraid of him because he was so bold, and he was never allowed to run with the herd "Except for his sharp hooves, the reindeer's only defense is his autlers, but he sheds these near the end of the winter and they regrow only slowly. Slaughtering time is in the autumn before the animals breed, as they are more tender then, but a feeble or injured animal may, of course, be killed at any time. Enough lean meat is dried to last all year, and many a morning I've snuggled down in my pulkko with a chunk of reindeer meat blouse, happy that I had sustenance for the day and never bothering about how

THE unhappiest Lappa I saw were those who through bad luck had lost their herds and were forced to settle in one place," went on Miss James. "Such unfortunates are given a house, a cow, and some potatoes, but they don't take gladly to their new lot. The women come to enjoy the comparative comfort because it means they can have a real iron stove, but the men get wandering spells previously roamed, and their wives see them less and less. The happiest Lapps I knew were the children left in school while a long trek was on. The schoolteacher had a sod but for a schoolhouse, and several other hart for a schoolhouse, and several other smaller hart were domittories. The young-sters dress exactly like their parents. They for the ways of the mounds and longing for the time when they can go out on the trial. Schooling as we know it doesn't crisk! Lapp schooling as we know it doesn't crisk! Lapp they'll need in the lattle of life against the clements, and intellectual studies are left to the Schooling as we have a superior of the schooling that the lattle of life against the schooling as we have a superior of the lattle schooling as the lattle of life against the schooling was superior to the lattle of the schooling was superior to the lattle of the school was a superior to the lattle of the lattle of the school was a superior to the lattle of the lattle who pushes north in Sweden to take over some of the land given him by the government, but which the Lapp considers his own. Both Norway and Swoden tried being paternal to the Lapps and then stopped, because contact with more urhan civilization had a bad effect on the more simple people. Now the Lapp can count upon being fostered as the Lupp can count upon nemy restered as a race but not molested. "Yet there is a sort of peaceful penetration A large deposit of nickel was recently dis-

A large ocposit of nickel was recently dis-covered away up at Kolovroki, and a sub-sidiary of the huge International Nickel Company of Canada is working it on a 40-year lease. I was abown around by Geoffrey Gilbert, the manager, and I wondered how much more wealth the Actric in ocmuch more wealth the Arctic is concealingwealth that will eventually be dragged forth by persons from a world of which the Lapp knows nothing and cares less. Another incongruous evidence of the outside world is the Hotel Pohjanhovi at Rovaniemi just below the Arctic Circle, Its chromium and silver and its beautiful draperies just don't seem to go with the fact that there's often half a bear hanging in the kitchen, Royaniemi is the northern terminus of the Finnish rail-road, and the locomotives hum wood refueling en route from huge piles of it stacked along the right of way.
"Over in Swedish Lapland is Kirusa.

Twenty years ago it was a flyspeck in the Arctic wilds; now it's a town of 12,000 people because the largest iron mine in the that the Lapps had known for centuries of iron outeroppings in the district. The mine works 24 hours a day on a three-shift basis.

and the officials told me that there's enough material there for 300 years. Kiruna is on the most northerly electric railway in the and it's strange to see the large stations that the company thought it necessary to build. It was believed that all the electrical nower transformers would have to be housed over because of the climate, so the stations were designed to include them as well as the regular space for offices and passenger But today the transformers are out in the open, supplying power for the little electric trains that carry the ore to Narvik on the Norwegian Lapland coast to be sent abroad to the smelters of Europe and America And a Broadway touch is given by the spangled network of electric lights that decorates Mount Kirunayaara, the hill of solid iron that rues 250 feet above the town

"I DROVE to the northeastern corner of I Finland and crossed over into Russian Lapland to visit the Ylaluostari Monastery, Neill James continued, "The Greek Orthodox Notify James commined. The Greek Cyrmbotox monks living there have withdrawn from the world to spend their lives in contemplation, but they're strong and healthy human heings who work and thrive. The abbot showed me how they harness the reindeer to plows and accustom them to work, continually breaking in new animals from their herd of 2000. Then months later I was over in the Lofoten Islands, off the coast of Norway—Sweden, you know, is shut off from the Arctic—and I was amazed to find a fishing fleet of more than 5,000 boats. I boarded one and spent a week on the fishing grounds, and I'll never forget the thrill of sailing off into the slategray Arctic and looking back at what was hit of the sbore line was gilded, the moun-tains behind were peaks of gold, and all of it shimmered like something in a dream. But that soon changed to chill reality when we got out to see after fish, and I was slad to come back on the little boat to Svolvaer, a village where the houses are colored in vivid huesanother attempt of the people to fight the drabness of their surroundings. These sea Lapps are as pleasant as the nomads. They t move around, but live on the rocky shore and go to sea only to catch fish to supply the codine factory and the cod liver oil plant that occurs the Lofotens. "Did you have any narrow escapes?" I asked, although Miss James looks like the cool and competent type which doesn't get

into difficulties.
"Well, I once had visions of slowly freez-ing to death," she said. "It happened when I was driving my bulkko across the mountains in Norwegian Lapland. All of a sudden my difficulting reindeer harness trace broke and I was left hanging on to the reins while the deer trotted ahead and my sulkks began to slide out from under me and go downhill. My guide was sweeping along toe far ahead to notice what had happened, and I knew that if I let my doer get away from me, I'd be properly lost in more ways than one. It's impossible to walk far in such heavy clothes as the Lanes wear, and many a native has been turned into loose. So I wrapped the red and blue cloth rein around my wrist and hung on while l was dragged through the gloom over ice and boulders, until at last the animal slowed up. I turned him around and went hack over what seemed miles until I recovered the pulkka, but there was no way of mending the trace so that it could be used, so to keep moving I made myself into a sort of link. That was how the guide found me after he finally missed me-struggling up the moun-tainside, driving the reindeer with one hand

and tugging the pulker with the other.

"Hours later we came to a lone fjellstae, or rest hut, pushed open the door, and found a woman and her two daughters asieep. Without awaking them, we built a fire thawed out a trifle, and went to sleep in ou turn, and when we came to in the morning we found four other Lapps who had taker refuge during the night. This custom of piling in and steeping on masse crowds the firstcomers, all right, but it has the advan-tage of making the kots or fieldstee a lot warmer, and you don't worry much about etiquette at such times. Why, one time over at Bossekop, in Norwegian Lapland, I bunked in a kota with 15 Lapps and three dogs! And I was occupying the place of honor-a bench about eight inches wide and raised a few inches from the ground I got in early and went to sleep in my eiderdown sleeping bag, and later on, three other travel ers came in and sat on me before they discovered there was someone already in pos-

I WENT to Bostekop, which is on the Aften Pjoro, to see the ramous analy-market which assembles there every Decem-ber," Neill James then told me. "Bosseloo is just a handful of stacks, but it's handy to reach by hout. So the merchants and traders come there from Hammerfest—the most northerly inhabited town in the world, not far from North Cape-and the wholesalers and from North Cape—usu the weekling cities in stores in Stockholm and other big cities in (Please turn to page 22)





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# DINTY MORE



IDDIZED OR PLAIN



40,000 SANTA CLAUSES (Continued from page 21)

the south have been known to send repri sentatives. The market is held right in the open, with all sorts of booths rimming the space where the goods are piled. All the Lapps look forward to the market and come aded with reindeer hides, fox and wolf pelts, woolen shawls, haskets, bonnets, caps, fur shoes and gloves, and carved wooden drinking bowls. Everyone wears his gayest clother, and against a background of shining mountains, with all the varying shades of gray and hyunder and black of the shore ine and the fjord, the scene looked like a Whistler nocturns that had been invaded by

"Little money figures in the trading. The Lapps need knives, coffee, and needles, and they like to bring home some of the little luxuries of the great cities, such as candy. Moreover, I was astonished to see hoxes of dried agricots from California. They were oring like hot cakes. And although the Lappe are not sufficiently on the downgrade to civido fall for American alarm clocks. I'd do fall for American marini cooks. In brought over some pocket-size whetstomes as presents, but the main object of interest to the Lapps was my Boy Scout first-aid left. Whenever I saw cut fingers wrapped in filthy rags, I always got out my tape and gauze and made a next repair job, but PII have to admit that plenty of fingers tied up

"The Lapps come to Bossekop for jolli-fication also, and one of them began casting sheep's eyes my way. I couldn't speak the sheep's eyes my way. I couldn't speak the language well at that time, so the Lupp asked my guide to find out if I had a hushand, and I countered by asking if he were looking for a wife. The approach over, I told my guide to say that I had a tremendons aspectic. After sixing me up for at least a minute the Lapp said that my appetite was okay with him because he owned thousands of reinder him because he owned thomsands of retinion.

But then after giving the matter additional
thought he decided to cancel his proposal
because he figured that the long winter evenings—and days—would seem extra long with a wife who couldn't speak his language

THE origin of the Lappa is good for almost as much argument as the origin of the Mayas. The generally accepted belief is that they left some far Mongolian upland enturies before America was discovered, and gradually rounsed across Asia and Russia before coming to rest in northern Scandinavia. A newer theory is that they pushed in from the south of Europe. But it is indis-putable that their features show a Mongolian cast, and ethnologists agree that they were a peaceful tribe who were forced far-ther and farther away from bome by quar-relsome neighbors until they reached a land that nobody wanted. And once there, the months in summer, and then retreats below the borizon in winter, has held them in its thrall, although it is safe for them to leave The long night, incidentally, is really a sort of twilight, as most of the time the sun is not far enough down to cause complete

"I liked living among the Lagus," said Neill "I liked living among the Lapps," and I'm telling the world about them in a book now tentatively titled 'Petticoat Vagabond Among the Lapps," which Vagabond Among the Lapps, which Scribner's is to publish this spring. I could have stayed on in Lapland for another year without being hored, but after I'd spent eight months—two of them almost black—north of the Arctic Circle, the snn came vaulting up once more and something Pd forgotten all about appeared and reminded me of some-thing. There was no getting away from it— it was my shadow telling me there are other places writing for a Petticoat Vagaiound? BROADWAY DIARY

(Continued from page 7)
every good actor—if he is not careful. When
Mr. Massey arrived in the cinema metropolis, me was mastaken for an author and given a script to write. Soon, one of the mogula de-cided that he should be a director, but at this point Mr. Massey missited that he was an actor. A casting director at Universal took him at his word and signed him up for a "Boo" popera called "The Old Dark House." This almost convinced Mr. Massey that The Hollywood experience evidently has

tened Mr. Massey's decision to return to the English stage. There things went more lengthan stage. I here things went more happily, and he was seen in several good plays, including "The Shinaing Hour" (which he brought to Canada and New York), and also some effective series work in that fine film, "The Scarlet Pimpersel," and in the H. G. Wells Fantasy, "Things to Cone."

The following season he entablished has place in the American theatre with his splendid nortraval of the Yankee character, Ethan Frome, in the play of the same name HE manner in which Mr. Massey came

Back in 1931, he told a New York newspaper reporter that be wished some representative American author would write a play about Lincoln, because one of his greatest ambitions was to play this character. At that same mo ment, Robert Sherwood was laying th groundwork for his Abe Lincoln and wonder-The two men had not met then. But when Bob saw Massey in "Ethan Frome," he knew he had found his Lincoln.
On Christmas Day of 1937, Mr. Massey received a copy of the rough draft of In it be recognized the part be had been waiting for ever since be turned actor. When the call for rehearsalt came, Mr. Massey was appearing in London as the leading character in another Sherwood play, "Idiot's Delight," and the show was doing capacity husiness. Without besitating, he left the show and campbt a ship to New York. Five weeks later, when the carriain arose on the Plymouth Theatre stage, the

audience gasped, then applauded as they saw ameaning gasped, then appearation as they saw Ahrisham Lincoln on the stage—a startlingly real Abraham Lincoln (even to the voice according to accredited historians), And the sudirence saw a score bild in New Salem

according to accretional minorans), And the audience taw a scene hald in New Salem, Illinois, the boyhood home of Ahraham Lin-coln—a town named for Salem, Massa-chusetts, the plate where an ancestor of Ray-

mond Massey, the stage Lincoln, first set foot on American sed 300 years before. THERE are, I think, far too few plays and motion pectures based on the history of the United States. This is a wonderful country, our America. We can better appre-"Abe Lincizte if by thinking about it more. "Abe Lin-coln in Illinois" makes you think about it, makes you proud of its traditions and its ideals, and fills you with a fierce throatcatching determination that nothing shall

ever change it Let me urge you to see this play if you ever have the opportunity. It is good for the soul of every real American!





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